ALL OR NOTHING.

OR;

Strange and Wonderful *NEWS* from *Westminster.*

'TIS strange indeed, to see Men under one Roof, with Bawbles & Toys on one side, & on the other fear of Judgment, on which depends oftentimes Ruin & Destruction. In one Shop is Sold Ribbons & Gloves, Towers & Commodes by Word of Mouth. In another Shop, Lands & Tenements, disposed of by Decree. On the Left-hand, a Nimble Tongu'd Painted Semptress, with her Charming Treble, Invite you to Buy some of her Nick-Knacks; & on your Right a Deep Mouth'd Cryer, commanding Impossibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women & Lawyers.

There's Honest Good Natur'd Modest Mr. *S*------ that has done by the *C---l* on the opposite side, as the King of France *did by the Confederates*; & there a Worship Somebody, drawing up Indictments with no less then 20 Flaws at a time in em.

At certains Hours appointed there appears Grave & Dauntless Men, whose very Sight is enough to give one a Third Ague. Scarce a Day passes over their Heads, but they rescue out of his Greedy Jaws some Thousand of Acres half Devoured.

This *C---d* Pettifogging is much more to be Fear'd then Justice it self: The latter openly undoes us, & affords us at least this Comfort, that we have a Right to bewail our selves, but the former by its Dilatory Formalities, rob us of all we have, & tell us for our Dispair that we suffer by Law.

JUSTICE, if I may so Express my self, is a Beautiful Young Virgin Disguised, brought on the Stage by the Pleader, pursued by the Attorney, cajol'd by the Councelor, & defended by the Judge.

Altho' Nothing is durable in this Transitory World, yet 'tis observ'd, that this Saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of Eternal Continuance, as Thousands have found by Woeful Experience; I mean *Chancery* Suits.

Certain Sons of Parchment, Call'd Soliciters & Barristers, make it their whole Business to keep the Shuttle-cock in Motion, & when one Hand is weary of it, they Play it into the other: This the chiefest part of their Religion, to keep up & annimate the Differances among their Clyents, as it was with the Vestal Virgins in Days of *Yore*, to maintain the Sacred Fire.

'Tis a most strange & surprizing thing, that Notwithstanding, all the Clamour, Squaling & Bawling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a J---ge now and then, take as Comfortable a Nap upon the *Bench*, as if he was at Church; and *Christian* has reason to Pray, that as often as a Cause comes to be heard, the J---s of Ancient Times were Awake, and the Modern fast Asleep.

However this may be said for the Lawyers in General, that they are Righteous enough in their Hearts, but the Devil on't is they can't tell which way to take, to instruct themselves in the Merits of the Cause. The contending Parties are suspected by them; the Solicitor Embroils them, the Council Deafens them, the Attorney Importunes them, and (is it not a sad thing) the She-Solicitor Distracts them. Well! Let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the Female Solicitor.

Going up Stairs I spy'd a Collection exceeding that of *John Traduken*, for here are the Galls of Doves, they Eye-Teeth of Flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, the Eyes of Oysters; here were Men measuring the Air, and building Castles in it.

Also great Discoveries for the publick Advantage of Mankind, without giving our selves the Trouble to make use of our Senses; we need but only cast our Eyes upon a Weather Glass, and you'l know whether 'tis Hot or Cold, or between both.

No sooner was I descended the Stone Steps, but I was lost in the midst of a Fog of Black Gowns, being hurried out of the Hall with a full Tide of Lawyers, carried down the Stream upon my Elbows, and so got with much difficulty safe to Shore in Pallace Yard, where I cast Anchor in the first Ale-house I could steer my Course to.

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23 JY 68

A Sad and Diſmal

ACCOUNT

Of the Sudden and Untimely Death of Mr. *Jeremiah Clark*, one of the Queen's *Organiſts*, belonging to the *Chappel at* St. *James's*, & Chief *Organiſt* of St. *Pauls*, who Shot himſelf in the *Head with a Screw Piſtol, at the* Golden Cup *in St. Pauls-Church-Yard*, on *Monday* Morning *laſt, for the ſuppoſed Love of a Young Woman, near Pater-noſter-Row*.

MR. *Jeremiah Clark*, whoſe untimely End I am going to relate; was a Batchelor, & one of the Organiſts of Her Majeſties Chappel at St. *James's*, as alſo Chief Organiſt of the Cathedral of St. *Pauls*; both which Salleries Amounted to above 300 *l. per Annum.* ſo that the want of no Worldly Advantage, could induce him to ſuch Self-Tragical Action, which he violently Committed on *Monday* Morning laſt. The Particulars whereof, according to the beſt Information, take as follows.

On *Monday* Morning laſt, about 9 of the Clock, the ſaid Mr. *Clark*, being in his Chamber, his own Father with ſome other Gentlemen, made him a Viſit, at which time he ſeem'd to be very Chearful & Merry, by Playing on his Muſick for a conſiderable time, which was a Pair of Organs in his own Houſe, which he took great Delight in; but that Diverſion being ended, & his Father & the Company having taken their leaves, he went up Stairs again into his *Chamber*, & ſetting himſelf down in a Chair by the Fire (to outward Appearence) without any manner, or ſign of Diſcontent, the Maid going about her Buſineſs, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting what was to follow; all on a ſudden, between 10 & 11 a Clock, ſhe heard a Piſtol go off in his Room, & thereupon running with all ſpeed to ſee what was the matter, found her Maſter leaning backward in his Chair, with a Terrible Wound behind his Ear, from which Iſſued Abundance of Blood, & at the ſame time *ſaw the Piſtol lying upon the Hearth, ſo that ſhe plainly perceived he had Shot himſelf, & thereupon call'd up Mr.* King *his Brother-in-Law, to ſee the Dreadful Spectacle; ſo that a Surgeon & other ſuitable Aſſiſtance were immediately procured, who Waſh'd his Wounds & Search'd them (for as yet he was not Dead) but no Bullet could be found, & ſo much of his Blood was loſt, that he could ſay very little, but only was obſerv'd one or twice to call* out Thieves, *& ſay they would* Murther him; *& alſo did Complain, they did not lay him eaſy in his Bed, & the like; but was utterly uncapable of Anſwering any Queſtion that was asked him: So that he Languiſhed from between Ten a Clock in the Fore-noon till about Three in the Afternoon, & then he Expired to the great Grief of his own Siſter, who was lately Married to Mr.* King (*one of his Schollars*) *and formerly kept his Houſe.*

The Occaſion of this terrible Accident is variouſly Diſcours'd; ſome will have it, that his Siſter Marrying his Scholar, who he fear'd might in time prove a Rival in his Buſineſs, threw him into a kind of melancholy Diſcontent; and others (with ſomething more Reaſon) impute this Misfortune to a Young Married Woman near *Pater-Noſter-Row*, whom he had a more than ordinary reſpect for, who not returning him ſuch ſuitable Favours as his former Affections deſerv'd, might in a great Meaſure occaſion diſmal Effects. But be that how it will, 'tis certain he ſhot himſelf with a little Screw-Piſtol in the ſide of the Head, as he ſat in his Chair by the Fire ſide, within leſs than half an Hour after his Father and other Friends had been with him.

Let all Perſons by this Man's unhappy Fate take Warning, and not preſume too much upon their own Strength, but earneſtly Pray to God for his Grace, to ſupporr them under the greateſt Difficulties that can befal them; and be ready upon all Occaſions to withſtand the various Temptations of the Grand Enemy of our Salvation, who is continually walking about ſeeking whom he may devour.

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